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MEMOIR OF MRS. BEHN.

IT has been forgotten by posterity, in their censure of the licentiousness of those writers who flourished in the time of Charles II. that some allowance must be made for local circumstances, and, under certain prejudices, for the bias of men's minds. Released from the illiberal and tyrannical sway of the Commonwealth, and from a reign warring against every accomplishment that could excite men to social intercourse, the wits of Charles's days, who had seen, during the influence of a gloomy usurper, religion, or fanaticism, made the pretence for every enormity, ran with avidity into the opposite extreme; and, considering the resemblance of virtue only as a hypocritical cloak, they determined not to be mistaken for assuming a virtue they did not possess, and, while they revelled in fancy, became immoral and obscene.

Mrs. Aphara, or Aphra, Behn, although more celebrated for her wit and dramatic powers, than for the scrupulous delicacy of her productions, will bear a comparison in her favour, with those of her cotemporaries: she was a gentle-

woman by birth, being descended from a very good family of Canterbury; and was born in the reign of Charles I. Some kind of dispute has arisen in regard to this lady's Christian name, in consequence of Langbaine having attributed that of Astræa to her as a real appellation, which was indeed no more than a poetical assumption, by which she was known and addressed by her cotemporaries. Her father, whose name was Johnson, being appointed, through the interest of Lord Willoughby, his relation, Lieutenant-General of Surinam, and several islands in the West Indies, embarked with his family, of whom was our poetess, then very young, to take possession of his government. This gentleman, however, died during his voyage, but his family reaching Surinam, settled there for several years; and the following description of their situation, on landing, is given by Mrs. Behn, in her history of Oroonoka.

"As soon as we came into the country, the best house in it was presented to us, called St. John's Hill. It stood on a vast rock of white marble, at the foot of which the river ran a great depth down; the little waves dashing and foaming over the foot of the rock, making the softest murmurs and purlings in the world; the opposite bank was adorned with a quantity of different flowers, eternally blowing every day and every hour anew, fenced behind with lofty trees, of a thousand rare forms and colours: the prospect was the most ravishing that fancy can create. On the edge of this white rock, towards the river, was a walk, or grove, of orange and lemon trees, about half the length of the Mall in St. James's Park; whose flowery and fruit-bearing branches met at the top, and intercepted the fierce rays of the sun; a cool air that came from the river, at the hottest hours of the day, made it not only a delightful retreat, but, refreshing the blossoms, made them ever fragrant and blooming. The boasted gardens of Italy cannot excel this grove, which art and nature combined to adorn: it was wonderful to observe trees, equal in size to the English oak, take root in a solid rock, with

but a scanty covering of earth." Mrs. Behn speaks with rapture of the whole country of Surinam, expressing her surprise that it had been yielded by the *King* so readily to the Dutch. At Surinam she became acquainted with the celebrated Oroonoka, an African Prince, whose interesting story afforded her materials for a novel, of which Mr. Southern afterwards made such an admirable use in the construction of one of the best tragedies in the English language. This Prince, and his wife Clemene (or Imoinda), were frequently at her house: charmed with the heroic character of Oroonoka, of whose singular virtues and qualities she was herself a witness; and interested by his tenderness for his Climene, she delighted in shewing them every kindness in her power, that might tend to ameliorate their condition. The Prince listened to her representations of the great characters and achievements of antiquity with ardour and avidity, while she instructed and assisted his wife in ingenious works. By her kindness and zeal, she acquired a powerful ascendancy over the mind of the hero, who was accustomed to call her his *great mistress*. Her intimacy with this Prince, and the interest she took in his concerns, added to her own youth and beauty, afforded an opportunity to the ill-natured and censorious to accuse her of a nearer connexion with him than that of friendship. Of this, however, a lady of her acquaintance, who has prefixed some memoirs of her life to an edition of her novels, takes great pains, and we think very much to the purpose, to acquit her: the great qualities of Oroonoka, and the romantic interest attached to his story, justified her esteem for him; while the heart of the Prince appeared too fervently devoted to his wife, to be susceptible of the fainter charms of European beauty. Her family, it is also observed, kept a watchful eye over her conduct. On her return to England, she gave her hand to Mr. Behn, a merchant of London, but of Dutch extraction. Becoming, at what period it is uncertain, a widow, by the decease of this gentleman, and her

wit and abilities introducing her to the court of Charles II. to whom she had given an account of the colony of Surinam, she was considered as a proper person to be intrusted with the management of some important affairs during the Dutch war.

On being sent into Flanders for this purpose, she fixed her residence at Antwerp; where, by her intrigues, in 1666, she discovered a design, formed by the Dutch, of sailing up the Thames, and setting fire to the English ships in their harbours: her intelligence was acquired through Vander Albert, a Dutchman, who had been formerly her lover, and who, on her arrival at Antwerp, had renewed his suit: as a proof of his passion, he scrupled not to betray to her the cause of his country; or, taking advantage of his credulity and passion, she *wormed* the design out of him. Of this plot, concerted by Cornelius de Wit and Admiral de Ruyter, intelligence, by this female emissary, was immediately dispatched to the English court. The information, though but too well grounded, was received with incredulity, and treated with levity. The event, however, justifying her predictions, and finding no great inclination in the English government to reward her for the pains she had taken, she determined to relinquish all thoughts of political affairs, and, during the remainder of her stay at Antwerp, to devote herself entirely to the gaieties and gallantries of the place, which were infinitely more suited to her taste and temper. Vander Albert continued his addresses, and, after having made some unsuccessful attempts to obtain possession of her person on easier terms than matrimony, at length consented to make her his wife; but while he was preparing at Amsterdam for a journey to England, with that intent, a fever carried him off, and left her free from any such engagement.

A humorous account is given, in one of this lady's letters, of a new lover, captivated by her charms, kinsman to Albert, whom she calls Van Bruin. This Dutch gallant

had been introduced by Albert to Mrs. Behn, with a commission to furnish her, in his absence, with money, or any other accommodation that she might require. Van Bruin, of whom a singular description is detailed, conceived the idea of supplanting his kinsman, during his absence, in the affections of his fair mistress; whose heart he assails in an epistle too characteristic to be omitted. "He had often striven," he says, "to tell her the *tempests* of his heart, and, with his own mouth, *scale* the *walls* of her affection; but, terrified with the strength of her *fortifications*, he concluded to make more *regular approaches*, and first *attack* her at a *further distance*, and try what a *bombardment* of letters would effect; whether these *carcasses* of love, *thrown* into the *sconces* of her *eyes*, would *break* into the midst of her *breast*, bear down the *court-guard* of her aversion, and *blow up* the *magazine* of her *cruelty*, that she might be brought to a *capitulation*, and *yield* upon *reasonable terms*." He then considers her, "as a *goodly ship* under *sail*, her *hair* as the *pennants*, her *forehead* the *prow*, her *eyes* the *guns*, her *nose* the *rudder*," &c.: he desires "to be the *pilot* to *steer* her by the *cape* of *good hope*, for the *Indies* of *love*." To this gallantry a suitable reply is returned by the lady, who rallies her lover on his setting out on a voyage so unprofitable, the expences of which she humorously enumerates. "*Ribbands* and *hoods* for her *pennants*, *diamond rings*, *loquets*, and *pearl necklaces*, for her *artillery* of *offence* and *defence*; *silks*, *holland*, *lawn*, *cambric*, &c. for her *rigging*." The gallant Von Bruin, not thus to be discouraged, offers her, in return, a *carte blanche*, and proposes a visit to her the same evening, to *sign articles* of *capitulation*. His *dulcinea*, to avert the threatened interview, writes him a second billet, and, while she affects not to discourage his attack, tells him, that, "though she fears his deluding tongue will remove all her objections, yet she must defer the settling of articles, till their *plenipotentiaries* can meet, and proceed regularly on the *preliminaries*, at the *place* of *conference*," &c. The

remainder of this singular warfare is thus ludicrously told:—"Imagine to yourself," says she, in a letter to a friend, "an old, overgrown, unwieldy Dutchman, playing over awkwardly all that he supposed would make him agreeable to me, and endeavouring to conceal his age by dress, peruke, and clumsy gaiety; expressing his respect with such comic cringes, strange ogling, and fantastic address, that, say what he would, it was impossible to assume a serious aspect; his person and manner turning every thing to a farce. There was no gallantry performed by the young men of the city, that he did not affect; even poetry, which might, for aught I know, being in his own language, be very extraordinary."

(To be concluded in our next.)

BUFFOONERIES OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

Among other, the buffooneries of Cromwell, it is related, that, before the trial of the unfortunate Charles, in a meeting of the chiefs of the republican party and the general officers, to concert the model of the government they were to substitute in place of the monarchical constitution, in the midst of their debates, Cromwell flung a cushion at the head of Ludlow; that, when the High Court of Justice was signing the King's sentence, Cromwell, before he subscribed his name, bedaubed with ink the face of Henry Martin; that he would put burning coals in the boots and hose of his attendants; and in the feasts which he frequently gave to his inferior officers, on a signal given, the private soldiers rushed in, and disappointed the guests of their expected meal, by running away with all the dishes.

Ludlow's Memoirs.

ALBERT AND ELLEN;

A FRAGMENT.

THE storm had ceased; not a cloud stained the ether; the sun, eclipsed for many hours by dense masses of sulphureous vapour, was setting in crimson majesty behind the lofty mountains of ———, in North Wales; when the venerable Albert, leaning on the arm of his grand-daughter, quitted his little cottage to enjoy the beauties of the evening from his favourite seat. It was situated some few paces from his humble dwelling, on the brow of a rock, covered with moss and wild flowers, and terminated a rugged, and somewhat ascending path, near the base of a hill, isolated from its neighbours; and whose sides, covered with a perpetual verdure, strongly contrasted it with them. On the right of it began to swell, in wild and bare magnificence, the romantic chain of mountains which distinguishes that district; and which, though a few short hours before they had trembled to the long and awful peals that seemed to shake the foundations of the universe, now, in softened grandeur, reposed in the parting rays that yet streamed refulgent from the West. Immediately in front was a rich, though not extensive valley, terminated in the distance by the ocean, whose silvery bosom, faintly tinged with purple, extended itself like a summer cloud along the horizon. On the left murmured a little grassy rivulet, whose waters issued from the rock; and which, swelling as they flowed, were heard some hundred paces distant to roar as they hurried through the caverns of Cwdyr.

Hither the young and innocent Ellen had been accustomed to lead the only parent, the only relative she now possessed; and here had the morning and evening sun often witnessed her, with the sacred volume on her knee, pouring into his soul the hallowed consolations it

affords to departing virtue; while the smile, triumphant and serene, which shone upon his benignant features, declared the fervent gratitude and heavenly hope that animated his heart.

The raindrops still glistened on the woodbine which encircled his door, when the venerable old man, tottering beneath the weight of years and of misfortunes, quitted it—for the last time. The long, but progressive indisposition which frequently attends the decline of life had recently occasioned a confinement of some days to his bed; and thrice, ere he reached the destined spot, the weakness of age had nearly overpowered him. At length, faint and weary, he gained the rock; and taking off his hat, while the locks of age fell in dazzling whiteness over his shoulders, seemed to inhale new life from the refreshing breath of evening. Ellen, lovely as the morn, seated herself beside him; her dark and glossy ringlets were thrown back from her polished temples, that she might the better contemplate him on whose existence she felt as if her own depended. Her eye, black and penetrating, was steadfastly fixed, though half by stealth, upon his countenance, watching its every turn and variation, save when it cast a look sweet, but full of sorrow towards the distant ocean. One hand rested upon his knee, and confined the coat that enfolded his aged limbs; the other, almost unconsciously, was entwined around her little Fido, who had placed himself upon her gown, and seemed to look with a sort of thoughtful tenderness up in her face. For some moments they were silent; at length, Albert exclaimed, "How strong is the similitude between the events of my life and the varying atmosphere of to-day! The sun arose in splendour,—not a cloud obscured its brilliancy;—yet, ere noon, the black tempest rolled around,—the thunders roared,—and earth seemed threatened with destruction; all now again is clear! oh! may the resemblance still continue! may my aged head sink to its last sleep, reposing on the mercy of

its God, even as yon cloudless sun is now reposing on the western wave!"—He resumed, after a moment's pause, "Yes; oh! my God, my redeemer, thou art indeed merciful! my soul feels the blessed conviction that it shall be so; for is not the storm passed away whose fury overwhelmed me in the darkness of despair? And hath not the sun of Faith, the sun of Righteousness, burst through the gloom to cheer the parting hours of my life?"

As he uttered these words, a heavenly rapture beamed upon his countenance; and at that moment, so pure, so sublime, was its expression, that it might have been supposed that body and soul, beatified together, had already passed to the land of spirits. After a silence of some minutes, he turned to Ellen, and gazing at her with parental solicitude, said, in an impressive tone, "Often, my daughter, have I urged the necessity of arming thy soul against the hour of suffering with the confidence and the hopes of a Christian; that in that hour thou mightest act his part, and submit without a murmuring thought to the dispensations of infinite mercy. May I not have urged in vain! The shaft of Death, sooner or later, flies with never failing aim; and surely then the man of years and of sorrows, whose feeble frame already bends towards its native earth, should prepare himself every hour for the blow. But remember, my child, that there is One who hath called Himself the Friend of the fatherless, One who can, who will protect thee. Oh! but for this to leave thee, the dear, dear image of my long lost Agnes, in all the inexperience, and all the loveliness of youth, to leave thee thus to stem the boisterous stream of life, Oh! it were indeed an agony of soul."

The violent emotions of grief which had for some time struggled in the bosom of Ellen could no longer be suppressed; sighs of anguish burst from her lips, and clasping the knees of Albert, she hid her face upon his arm.

"My child!" cried the old man, in a voice scarcely

audible, and gazing at her with a look of the most compassionating tenderness, "My darling child, be not thus distressed; I may yet be spared; and although," he continued, looking towards the ocean, and endeavouring to revive her drooping spirits, "divine Providence may have thought fit to deprive us for a time of him who was the chosen son of my heart, and whom I fondly regarded as the virtuous and affectionate companion of thy future life; still, I trust, it is but for a time, and that Edgar, thy faithful Edgar, may yet return—to be unto thee as a father."

"Oh! no," faintly articulated the hapless Ellen; "ten long months have elapsed since we received his last letter; in which he promised to be with us in three weeks. We have heard nothing since; he is gone, gone for ever. And wouldst thou—Oh! my father, wouldst thou too desert thine Ellen? What would become of her? She too must die!"

Poor hapless maiden! The last word which trembled from thy lips penetrated not the dull cold ear of death; the stroke was given; the stroke which reft thee of every earthly hope, and cast thee destitute upon an unfeeling world! What was the frenzy, the madness of despair, that froze the current of thy blood, that laughed in the wild and haggard features of thy lovely countenance, when, lifting up thine eyes from the ground, thou beheldest thine only parent, thine only earthly friend, stiffening in death.

The last breath of Albert had passed unconsciously across the cheek of Ellen, as, with her head cast downwards, she hid her face in her handkerchief, and endeavoured to stem the torrent of her grief. So instantaneous, yet so gentle was the stroke, that the semblance of life was still fresh; his eye was turned towards his Ellen, and seemed still to beam upon her with ineffable tenderness; his hand was half stretched out, as if he would have reached hers; and the smile that yet lingered on his countenance, declared the peace and joy with

which the parting spirit had sought the bosom of its God. Although, in the first moment, conviction of the dreadful truth flashed upon the soul of Ellen, yet her impatient spirit quickly rejected it, and she grasped at the delusive hope that Albert might still be living; and that the cordial which had so frequently been serviceable in strengthening and reviving his drooping frame might now be efficacious. She started up, and flew with renovated strength to the cottage; the last drop was gone! no assistance was procurable within the distance of three long miles; her limbs could scarcely sustain her; despair seized her soul; she darted from the cottage, and retraced her steps as quickly to the scene of misery. Within ten paces of it, she stopped; the corpse was yet concealed by a turn in the path; she paused, she listened, not a breath disturbed the stillness of the air; the blood ran cold through every vein; her knees shook violently. The night was now fast approaching; huge black clouds were gathering in the East; the moon arose enveloped in mist, and shed a dim light upon the mountains; the air was thick and oppressive; and every thing announced another storm; but Ellen regarded it not; "he is dead! he must be dead!" she cried, in the accent of unutterable woe. Then tottering a few paces forwards, her hand held tight against her forehead, she raised herself on tiptoe, dreading more than death that the first glance would confirm all her fears. His lifeless form was just discernible through the gloom; Fido had climbed up to his shoulders, and lay beside him licking his cold cheek; on seeing his mistress, he bounded forward, and catching hold of her gown, moaned most piteously. "Poor Fido!" the wretched sufferer half articulated; then, springing forwards, exclaimed—"Merciful God! does he move?" she reeled, and fell upon the cold bosom of Albert. It was but the wind that had agitated his clothes.

The night became terrific; immense clouds, rolling over each other like vast volumes of smoke, hung suspended

on the mountain summits; the livid flashes of lightning which burst from them every instant seemed to wrap the world in flames; while the roar of thunder again reverberated among the mountains; and hark! during the intervals of every peal, they reecho a long and heavy moan. Yon stranger hath heard it, as he winds his weary way along the valley; he pauses, he listens, and now, with hurried and anxious step, proceeds till he reaches the cottage of Albert. A white handkerchief lay just within the door; he snatched it up, and darted through each little apartment in breathless precipitation. "Absent on such a night as this!" he exclaimed, as he left the house, and followed the sound which had appalled his soul. "Good God! how my heart misgives me!" As he drew near the fatal spot, the sound ceased, Fido had heard the approaching step, Fido only had heard it; and, as if resenting his intrusion upon this dark and solemn scene of death, began to howl and bark most furiously at the stranger. The white figure of a female stretched upon the ground, and conspicuous through the gloom, was the first object that met the eyes of the unfortunate Edgar: chilled with horror, he rushed forward, and, raising her in his arms, perceived at the same instant the lifeless body of Albert. "Father of mercies," he cried, in the phrenzy of despair, "for what have I been preserved?" "He is gone!" uttered Ellen, in a faint and wild tone, "he is dead! I must die too; I am dying. Wretch! do not disturb a poor creature in her last moments." The distracted Edgar believed her indeed dying, and, sick with intuseness of misery, exclaimed, "Oh God! is it for this I have escaped the perils of the wreck,—the ravages of the pestilence? But, Ellen, my beloved Ellen!" he continued, pressing her cold lips to his; "we will not be separated in death, no! we will die together! yet, oh! couldst thou—, were it but for a moment, couldst thou recognize thy Edgar, and breathe into his soul thy parting blessing, it were bliss! 'twere ecstasy."

Ellen at that moment raised her head, and, with a bewildered air, gazed upon him. A ray of hope flashed upon the mourner's gloomy soul, and, with a faltering voice, he cried, "Speak to me, my love, my Ellen! oh! speak to me again! remember thy faithful, thy long-lost Edgar; he is returned to live for thee, and thee only,—to supply the place of a father,—to love thee,—to clasp thee to his bosom;—to shelter thee from every danger;—but shouldst thou die, he must die too!"

"Edgar!" she exclaimed, "Where am I? Edgar returned!" then hiding her face in her hand, "Oh God! my heart will burst!"

Edgar gently raised her up; and, supporting with his arm her weak and trembling frame, led her towards the cottage. Thither he soon afterwards bore the remains of the venerable Albert, and, with filial solicitude and tenderness, laid them decently on the little straw pallet which had formerly so often afforded rest to his aged limbs.

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"Let us offer up our prayers to the throne of mercy;—let us offer up our thanks that we have yet been spared to each other," said Edgar, as he took the hand of Ellen, and led her towards the bedside on which lay the corpse of Albert; "let us pray here, my love; the spirit of our departed friend will bless us!"

* * * They knelt down to pray.

July, 1813.

A.

ON IDLENESS.

THE Duke of Orleans, the Regent, had four daughters, distinguished by the names of the four cardinal sins. A wag wrote on their mother's tomb, *Cy gist l'Oisiveté*, "Here lies idleness," which, you know, is termed the Mother of all the Vices.

ON THE
WRITINGS AND STYLE OF STERNE.

WHEN any thing gives us uncommon pleasure, we are always ready to defend it with the utmost energy. From this motive, I have been induced to take up my pen, in order to give vent to the sensations I felt in reading the works of Sterne; an author as frequently execrated as praised. Nothing so much shews the excellence of an author, as the inferiority of his imitators; what a train of writers have succeeded Sterne! we need not say with how little success; every reader will, without difficulty, distinguish between his genius and wit, and the puny, awkward attempts of his copyists. Sterne is, in some parts of his writings, indecent; but I think not more so than Fielding, Smollett, and most of the writers of that period. He has been called the destroyer of good morals, and promoter of adultery; might not these observations be made by some one of his unsuccessful imitators? However objectionable might have been Sterne's private life, I am not disposed to discuss; it is of his writings that I speak; and, with the exception of a few passages, I perceive nothing to offend the most rigid moralist. These premises being settled, let us proceed, and make a few observations on his writings. He was an excellent master of the pathetic: his *Maria* has never been equalled; and his story of *Le Fevre* is a masterpiece in that kind of composition. Who can peruse his *Tristram Shandy*, without being enraptured with his wit? Who can read that ludicrous adventure of the meeting of *Obediah* and *Slop*, at the end of the lane, the explosion, &c. that followed, without being convulsed with laughter? or dwell upon the story of *Le Fevre*, without dropping an unbidden tear at his fate? Does not the sermon which *Trim* reads aloud in

the parlour, strike every one, as abounding in truth and originality? How correct his observation, that, because our conscience acquits us, we are not therefore guiltless? "When David surprised Saul sleeping in the cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe, we are told, his heart smote him for what he had done; but in the matter of Uriah, where a faithful and gallant servant, whom he ought to have loved and honoured, fell, to tolerate his lust, when conscience had so much greater reason to take alarm, his heart smote him not. A whole year had almost passed, from the first commission of the crime to the time when Nathan was sent to reprove him, and we read not of the least sorrow, or compunction of heart, which he testified, during all that time, for what he had done." You can no where meet with a character so eccentric, harmless, and entertaining, as Uncle Toby; seldom a better hearted fellow than the Corporal, who is likewise a good moralizer, and a greater admirer of Albertus Rubenius, and Stevenus, than my father. The character of Doctor Slop is perfectly original; and though, at times, we entertain the greatest contempt for Yorick, we feel a sensation something like love, for his mild and Christian-like demeanour. In Mrs. Shandy, we note what is called "a good kind of a woman," always ready to acquiesce in the opinion of her husband (except in the affair of the midwife); in short, from my uncle Toby down to the foolish fat scullion, we have something to admire in every character, and are sorry to leave them at the end of the book.

The sermons of Sterne are written from the heart, and, in course, abound with pathos and originality. There is a quaintness, an attempt at wit in them, which is perhaps not the most proper mode of addressing his hearers from the pulpit; but we can excuse that defect, when we examine his better parts. His sermons are simple, and easy to be understood; for, as he says, "to preach to shew the extent of our reason, or the subtleties of our wit,—to

parade it in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinselled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light, and less warmth, is a dishonest use of the poor single half hour in a week which is put into our hands —'tis not preaching the gospel, but ourselves. For my own part," continues Yorick, "I had rather direct five words point blank to the heart."—Let us now advert to his *Sentimental Journey*. It is surely a proof of real genius, when an author possesses the power of shaking the nerves; when he can call the tear into the eye, and has the absolute command of those exquisite sensations we feel whilst reading the story of the Dead Ass, or the pathetic tale of Maria. Every author has faults, and we meet with many in the writings of Sterne; it would have increased his reputation, if we had had more of his wit, benevolence, and tenderness, and less obscenity. The style of Sterne is simple in the extreme, and in many passages a direct imitation of the scripture. "A few words of simple pathos," says a respectable essayist, "will penetrate the soul to the quick, when a hundred lines of pompous declamation shall assail it as feebly and ineffectually, as a gentle gale the mountain of Plinlimmon."

Can there be any thing more tender, yet more simple, than the following passage:—"Shorn indeed, and to the quick; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup; I would be kind to thy Sylvio; in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back; when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe." There are in Scripture several passages like this: how great the similarity between it and the following extract:—"The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds, but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought, and nourished up;

and it grew up together with him, and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter."—The Dead Ass, the Sword, Maria, and the Monk, are specimens of the pathetic that have not been equalled; his descriptions of Slavery and Sensibility are of the same affecting class.

Thus much have I urged in the warmth of my admiration; yet, think not, reader, that I am an advocate for his follies. Pity it is, that such an excellent writer as Sterne undoubtedly was, should have disfigured his works by frequent indecencies, that can never be palliated. The pages of Rabelais should be perused by the few only who are capable of judging, and are proof against their immorality. Sterne has, in some parts, imitated him too freely; but the excellence of his serious pieces overbalances this fault; and, in unprejudiced minds, Sterne, I think, has yet as many admirers as revilers. Should I have erred in this critique of an author, in whom, though there may be much to censure, there is also much to praise, let it be ascribed to the warmth of my sensations; and let those who read the works of Sterne divest themselves of every unfavourable bias, and they will frequently find the fancy invigorated, the heart amended, and the understanding improved.

R. PORTER.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

A French gentleman, being married a second time, was often lamenting his first wife, before his second, who one day said to him, "*Monsieur, je vous assure, qu'il n'y a personne qui la regrette plus que moi.*"

THE EFFECT OF JEALOUSY;

OR,

THE IMPULSE OF DESPAIR.

Non ha l'amore maggior contrario della forza.

LOREDANO.

ALTHOUGH jealousy is esteemed an excess of love, and suspicion, an imperfection inseparable from it; it is no less the persecution of him who is enamoured than of the object beloved. It wearies the patience of a virtuous female, and is often productive of the most fatal consequences. In short, the jealous man is an object of pity, who passes away life in endeavouring to discover a secret which, when discovered, tends only to destroy his peace of mind. The following story exhibits, in a forcible manner, the effects of this baneful passion, and demonstrates, under certain circumstances, that excess of fear gives birth to the vehemence of despair.

At Salerno, a city in the kingdom of Naples, the Count Mascarelli married a lady, who, to the greatest beauty, united the most pleasing manners, and elegant accomplishments. The Count was rich, and allied to the first families in the kingdom, but his disposition was naturally so harsh and suspicious as to render him almost insupportable. For a time, however, this illustrious pair passed a life of comfort. If the jealous temper of the Count threw him at times into a reverie, the prudence of his amiable consort adroitly dissipated his inquietudes, and his brutal nature, in spite of himself, yielded to her kindness; but his repeated surmises became at length habitual, and terminated in the most consummate jealousy.

His young wife was the more mortified at the extravagance of the Count, as her whole attention was devoted to his happiness. Far from cherishing any criminal idea, she endeavoured to afford her husband not

the smallest cause for suspicion ; she abstained from all public amusements and gay assemblies ; and although many noblemen of rank and fashion sought to attract her notice, their attacks were rendered useless by her correct deportment. The afflicted Countess used, nevertheless, every effort to conceal her grief : she appeared at all times gay and cheerful in public, which excited the displeasure of the Count, and confirmed him in his jealousy. He caused her actions to be particularly remarked, but her virtue made his vigilance of no avail. However minute were the researches of his emissaries, they discovered nothing in the conduct of the Countess that trespassed the bounds of decorum. The Count, however, mistrusting either the address, or the fidelity, of his agents, still conceived an idea that the Countess was unfaithful. As nothing could persuade him to the contrary, he formed a resolution, the most singular that can be imagined, to attest her guilt ; he determined, under the pretext of indisposition, to have a separate apartment, thinking that he should discover by effects what he could not penetrate by the watchfulness of his spies. Although he strove to dissemble his jealousy, the unhappy Countess, greatly struck with so extraordinary a procedure, knew not what to think of the sentiments of her spouse. She scarcely knew to what motive to attribute his conduct ; but imagining, in the end, that her husband might be really hypochondriack, she consoled herself in the best manner possible, and resumed, in a little time, her ordinary gaiety.

The Count, for nearly three months, had thus rendered himself the victim of his jealousy ; during which time, the Countess endeavoured to dissipate her chagrin by the most innocent amusements ; always affecting a sprightly and easy demeanour ; when the air of tranquillity and contentment that was imprinted on her countenance became a new source of uneasiness to the Count. He was in a constant state of trouble and agitation. Nothing could

expel the gloom of his melancholy. The care, the assiduities, the affection of the Countess, made no impression upon the mind of her jealous husband. Abandoned to this hateful passion, and finding no repose in the measure he had adopted, he resolved to retire to his country seat. The young and amiable female felt too much interest in his welfare to evince the smallest opposition to his desires; she, on the contrary, manifested the utmost anxiety to contribute to the reestablishment of his health. Any other being than the Count would have been sensibly affected by her zeal and attentions; but it rarely happens that those who are addicted to jealousy will listen to the voice of reason. When deeply rooted, it resembles the false testimony of the wicked; it attacks the innocent, it obscures and overthrows truth; the understanding, corrupted by fallacious rumours, becomes so prepossessed, that nothing is capable of giving it a proper bias. The Count then quitted Salerno, and arrived at his estate. The Countess, who had hitherto patiently endured the extravagancies of her husband, found it necessary to summon all her virtue, to accustom herself to the painful and solitary life that she was obliged to lead with the Count: her situation was the more grievous as she beheld the finest period of her existence pass away in company of the most eccentric and ungrateful of mankind. She was deprived of every pleasure, and secluded from the society of her family and friends.

One evening, being more melancholy than usual, she walked into the garden to relieve her mind; and, after many *detours*, she reached a grotto, which she entered, and seated herself upon a grassy bank.

She had not long been there before her husband also came in. Her curiosity was much excited at this circumstance: she could not imagine what could have induced the Count, at so late an hour, to repair to this lonely spot. Anxious to develop the mystery, she observed a profound silence. The darkness of the night

favoured her design, she was beside so placed that no one could perceive her. A short time disclosed to her a secret that she little suspected. Dorothea, the curate's niece, now entered the grotto; and, to her utter astonishment, the abandoned Countess heard her brutal husband make a declaration of his affection to the misguided young creature, which was returned with marks of the liveliest sensibility. The distress of the Countess can be more easily conceived than described. Many times she was upon the point of manifesting her resentment, many times she resolved to reproach her perfidious husband with his infamy; but conceiving the moment not favourable to make him feel the injury he had done her in its fullest force, she restrained the effects of her anguish and indignation; and, as the guilty pair left the grotto, she repaired, by a serpentine walk, to her apartment, without being observed. Such was the agony of her grief at so unexpected a disclosure, that she passed a most restless night, loading her husband in secret with the most bitter accusations; nor was it until the dawn of the morning that she was enabled, by a restless slumber, to seek a short suspension to her anguish and her revenge.

(To be concluded in our next.)

INGENIOUS OBSERVATION.

When Bernard Lami, an author of considerable erudition, presented his treatise on the "Art of Speaking" to Cardinal le Camerlengo, the prelate remarked, with peculiar shrewdness, "*Voilà sans doute un excellent art; mais qui nous donnera l'art de se taire.*" Certain it is, that the art of blotting in composition, and to know when to be silent in conversation, are qualities that depend upon the judgment, and are not always attainable by ordinary minds.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XXVI.

MR. GOSSIPER,

As the pen of the moralist is frequently obliged to have recourse to fiction, in order to inculcate some moral duty, the sceptic, or the voluptuary, is apt to scoff at a recital which he conceives to be the mere offspring of the brain; such a man often laughs at a relation which can never be applied to himself, and is induced to ridicule its improbability. In the hope of deterring mankind from the prosecution of a particular vice, that is to say, domestic tyranny, I shall detail a circumstance that is founded on fact, leaving your readers to make their own deductions. I trust, Sir, that no apology will be deemed necessary for making the Gossiper assume, at times, a serious tone, and rendering it the vehicle of instruction, whether through the agency of fancy, or the force of reason.

In consideration of the surviving relatives, I shall abstain from mentioning the names of the parties which are involved in my tale; and, in common with my brother essayists, adopt fictitious appellations.

James Melville, Esq. betrayed that disposition in his boyish days, which silly people are disposed to admire; that is to say, he was bold, daring, and presuming, esteemed the life of every frolic, and threw away the funds which his friends lavished on him, with the most careless profusion. His countenance was open and ingenuous; but it concealed a heart incapable of any gratification but of the most selfish kind. At school, his manners were copied with assiduous attention; and, it is said, many a young female bosom had throbbed with emotion at the

name of James Melville. When he left this scene of his boyish days, he resided for some years with his guardian, whose principles were purely epicurean; "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," was an aphorism so much to his liking, that every moment was spent in the accomplishment of some pleasurable object. To his mind and his household was every moral sentiment a stranger; and though he affected to be governed by a sense of honour and decorum, these considerations were only acted upon as they tended to support his credit in the eyes of the world. Speculative alike in matters of religion, he was negligent of its duties; finding an excuse for his own disobedience in the bad example of others. James Melville, imitating his conduct, became the pride of his uncle; and possessing much of the volubility of speech, and that ready conception of things which is denominated genius, he was intended for the profession of the law. Looking forward to be called to the bar, he made it his business to discuss every subject that presented itself, with the vehemence, if not with the convincing rhetoric, of a Demosthenes. The arts, literature, and the drama, engaged alternately his powers of argument; and at a Vestry meeting, who so loud or so long in his harangues as James Melville. The energies of his mind were, however, principally devoted to metaphysics and politics; and it was his pride and glory to defend the cause for which

"Sydney fought, and Hampden bled."

In eloquence, he was the champion of civil and religious liberty; in conduct, tyrannical and overbearing, he expected every one to be subservient to his will.

For the fair sex, except as contributing to his unlawful pleasure, he had the most profound contempt. Portias, in his opinion, were no longer to be met with: he had constantly declared against matrimony; but fate, as if to laugh at his resolution, rendered him submissive to the

marriage yoke. He had cast his eyes on the daughter of his neighbour, who seemed to him so necessary to his happiness, that he was determined no eloquence that he was master of should be wanting, in order to gain this favourite point; but he found the ardour of his passion, and the power of oratory, equally unavailing, unless marriage confirmed his vows. Maria Clarendon, though she had conceived an affection for the young patriot, had too much pride not to maintain her own dignity; and, at the age of eighteen, smitten with his person, his external and mental endowments, she became his wife.

For some months, James Melville was the fondest of husbands, and Maria the happiest of wives; but this scene of felicity was not of long duration; the first blow to their happiness arose from the misfortunes of Maria's father, whose unsuccessful speculations, expensive living, and other imprudencies, had involved him in extreme difficulty. On his affairs becoming more desperate, the coolness of Melville increased beyond all bounds. Disappointed of the fortune he expected as the portion of the once happy Maria, and robbed by the villany of his guardian, of the little pecuniary resources left by his father, all means of rising in the world seemed now at an end. He gladly, therefore, accepted a small appointment that was offered him by a friend. Maria, at this moment, had become a mother; but this, instead of alleviating her sorrows, served to increase her misery: he basely reproached her for adding to a burden already too heavy for him to bear; and he frequently left her to struggle with poverty at home, while he, who kept up his old connexions, was revelling in luxuries abroad. He still continued the friend of liberty, in public; but in private, he was gloomy and despotic. Returning home one evening from a public dinner, as he entered the door of his residence, he perceived a wretched old man receiving alms from the hands of his wife; irritated at what he termed extravagance, he struck the unfortunate wretch to the

ground. "Oh! my father!" exclaimed the frantic Maria; "it is my father!" But this appellation, instead of softening the brutal heart of Melville, only exasperated him the more; he drove the wretched man from his dwelling, vowing vengeance on the head of his unfortunate wife, if she dared to rob him again, by pampering her father's appetite.

The sequel may be easily anticipated:—years glided away between the parties in domestic misery; and old Clarendon closed his breath in the parish workhouse: the desolate Maria still clung to the wretch who had sworn to protect her, till, treated by him in the end with unexampled barbarity, she received a proposal from him that overturned her brain. In a moment of distraction, she pressed her children to her bosom, looked at the scene around her, and, before the neighbours could restrain the effects of her phrenzy, she precipitated herself into the street from an attic window, and was taken up a mangled corpse.

C.

THE PRE-EMINENCE OF ALE.

THE following quaint verses, descriptive of the antiquity of Ale, are taken from "The Philosopher's Banquet."

ALE for antiquity may plead and stand
Before the Conquest, conquering in this land;
BEERE, that is younger brother of her age,
Was not then borne, nor ripe to bee her page;
In every pedling village, borough, town,
ALE plaid at foot-ball, and tript all lads down:
And tho' shee's rivall'd now by BEERE, her mate,
Most doctors wait on her—that shewes her state.

HARRIET;

OR, THE NOVICE;

A CAUTIONARY TALE, FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

(Continued from page 36.)

C H A P. III.

The Colloquy.

OUR heroine now took the opportunity of a pause that followed the harangue of Lady Carruthers, which she had long waited for; and demanded of her ladyship her opinion of Mrs. Charlatan. Do you know, *my dear lady*, she would play at commerce, and at our table to be sure; Capt. Petersham had set me on the *titter* before we sat down. She told us she had no silver; so put her old silver tooth-pick case in the pool, saying, she would redeem it, if she won. Capt. Petersham winked at me; and I began to laugh; and when I said, perhaps she would forget it, for it was not worth sixpence, she was *so* angry. Capt. Petersham was good enough to take my part, or I should have cried for vexation, and do you know, Capt. Petersham saw her take a shilling that belonged to Miss Grinway's purse, which lay on the table; and so Capt. Petersham——" "Capt. Petersham, and Capt. Petersham," interrupted her ladyship, "why, my dear Harriet, how many times more will you run over the name of Capt. Petersham?" "Take care, my dear," continued she; "he's a sad, wild fellow, a very *devil* among *us women*." Harriet, thus suddenly caught, could only appear silently confused; she hung down her head; but revived by the resumed rattle of Lady Carruthers' vocal organ, Harriet soon recovered her presence of mind. How *vastly* un-

pleasant, my dear," added her ladyship, "must it be for so *lively* a girl as yourself to be restrained by the trammels of a stupid schoolmistress. Indeed, for the first time in her life, Harriet began to think so; "but why——" Here she was interrupted by the *annonce*ment of Capt. Petersham. Harriet would have refused to see him, had not Lady Carruthers caught her hand, and insisted on her accompanying her. "Hey dey," said her ladyship, "I shall certainly begin to think——." "Think! what?" said Petersham, who, as he entered at the opposite door to our party, caught this last word; and burst, *sans ceremonie*, into the *boudoir*; but, on seeing a visitor, he stopped short, and, bowing, begged pardon for the suddenness of his *entrée*. Harriet was so alarmed, lest he should have heard more of their conversation, that her face became suffused with blushes, while, with frowns and nods, she was beseeching Lady Carruthers to change the subject. These intimations were, however, fruitless; for her ladyship ran on with, "Talk of the devil," "And his imps appear," answered Petersham (as he was adjusting his neckcloth in a chimney glass.) "I beg pardon, Miss Seabright," continued he, drawing the bow of his neckcloth across his chin, but still looking in the glass to watch the effect his words had on her. "I hope you have not experienced any inconvenience from yesternight's exertions. You foot it most charmingly; as for myself, I—I never *dence*; it is to me a most confounded *bore*, except indeed I could always command such an Euphrosyne as Miss Seabright." Could this last sentence be disagreeable to our heroine, tell us ye fair, for she had already conceived a *presentiment* in his favour; indeed it was the first compliment that her young heart had ever acknowledged with pleasure.

Charles Petersham, who had been educated according to the new school, was what was termed by the ladies a *very nice young man*; and, for a *wonder*, he knew it, and, although in compliment to the fashionable mania of the

day, he adopted many of its ridiculous words and actions, yet these were acquired more by mimicking others than natural to himself. He was of a good stature, and perfectly well made; rather indeed inclining to the athletic; his large dark eyes were full of fire, his nose was Roman, his teeth were white, and late hours and dissipation had not as yet the power to *blanch* his cheeks; a boyish red was still apparent, and the bronze of military service added to his general deportment; he was good tempered, frank, and elegant in his manners; and was able to converse on any topic with tolerable fluency. In short he was a soldier, one of the Guards, a regiment certainly no longer the subject of satire, but distinguished for its perseverance and bravery; these personal qualifications caused him to be particularly *well received among the ladies*; but as human nature is imperfect, his excessive love of pleasure, joined to the violence of his passions, which he never attempted to subdue, often plunged him into errors and extravagancies which the slenderness of his fortune was unable to support, and which his cooler reason could not justify.

With these prepossessing attractions, it is not surprising that Harriet could not view him with indifference, particularly after the many pointed attentions he had paid her the preceding evening. Harriet was as yet a novice in affairs of the heart; all the answers she gave him were in monosyllables, and in such confusion was she plunged by the frequency of his appeals to her, that at length, covered with blushes, she stammered out an unintelligible something for an excuse, and fled precipitately out of the room.

"A devilish pretty girl that, my lady," said Petersham, knocking his boots at the same time with his cane; "a very nice little figure; and——." "Pho! interrupted her ladyship, a girl, a mere child." "Not such a child either," retorted Petersham. "Pray who, and what are her family?" "Nonsense!" said her ladyship, "be con-

tented, I beg, with your present favorites, without putting nonsensical ideas into her head." She would have proceeded, but Harriet having quite recovered herself, now entered the room, which she had left, not only to conceal her confusion, but to make some little alteration in her hair, and to consult a certain smooth and well polished appendage to a lady's dressing room, namely, a glass;—such an oracle, as, we confess, was frequently consulted by Miss Seabright. "Who do you think is married, Lady Carruthers?" said Capt. Petersham, regarding Harriet from the looking-glass, opposite to which he had placed himself. "La! how should I guess." "You seem quite industrious this morning, Miss Seabright," added he, in the same breath, and turning more towards our heroine, who was netting a purse she had begun *six months ago*. "Bob Trifle?" "No." "Lord Easy?" "No." "Old Wainscoat?" "No." "Oh, I can't guess." "Lord Dangle?" "Pray, Miss Seabright, how long might that aforesaid net have taken you?" "*Some time, Sir*," answered Harriet timidly. "By Jupiter Ammon, you must have immense patience." "Petersham, will you tell me?" screamed her ladyship. "I say, Lord Dangle." "No, no, your ladyship." "Who then?" "I won't tell you, that's poz." "Lory Hazard?" "No." "Oh! Dick Martingale." "Yes, you have it." "What! is it possible? it can't be." "Yes; I assure you, 'tis true; for his aunt, old Lady Wheedle, told me so this morning; besides, he has commissioned Tattersall for three more horses to match the greys; and *split* me, if Dick could have suffered this, unless he had *felt* a windfall." "But, Petersham, Petersham, I say,"—and Petersham she might say; for he was too busy, expatiating on the beauties of a kitten that Harriet had taken up to caress, to answer her ladyship, till at length, after she had teased him with *To whom?* and *To whom?* twenty times, and Mitis jumping from Harriet's lap, he told her, "To Miss Drybones, the drysalter's daughter, with a fortune of

one hundred thousand pounds ; there's luck for you, Miss Seabright," said Petersham, giving her a tap on the cheek that suffused it with blushes. " Another instance," replied her ladyship, " to prove the fallacy of your reasoning last night, that matrimony is the happiest state on earth. Now, pray, what share of happiness can this couple expect ; he, the son of a Lord, and she——" " Happiness !" interrupted Petersham, in ecstasy, " with one hundred thousand pounds and expectancies : some old weather-beaten aunt, or perhaps some gouty——Oh ! that any sweet little creature would take a fancy to me, and it should pop into her noddle to put herself and *brass* under my protection ; then I would see if we could not be happy." In saying this, he regarded Harriet in the glass ; whose eyes meeting his, her cheeks assumed a still deeper colour : she immediately reclined her head, and sighed ; for she recollected that her share of *brass*, as Petersham termed it, would be small indeed ! " Very fine," cried Lady Carruthers ; " but what a fool must that woman be who, in possession of such a fortune, would *throw it away* upon a *man* ; one who would most likely, out of *pure gratitude*, make it the instrument of her disgrace, by supporting a *creature* under her very nose ; whose equipages would continually remind her of such folly, and tell her agonized and rejected heart, how much she was injured ; on a man——." " Ah !" reechoed Petersham, " on a man. What could she do better ?" And continued rattling on, without attending to Lady Carruthers' inferences. " Are we not the head ! Are we not the supreme ? ' Sure all ill stories of our sex are false. ' " " ' Pon my honour, I think, that, if a man condescends to take a wife, she cannot do too much for him," viewing Harriet at the same time with an arch look which informed her that all he uttered was in *badinage*, and to irritate her Ladyship. " Unconscionable effrontery !" exclaimed Lady Carruthers. " I never did, nor ever would, acknowledge such supremacy. I would sooner

vow obedience to the Pope. In what are you superior to our sex? 'tis true, you eat, so do we; drink, so do we." "Swear," continued Petersham; "so do we." "All that you are going to allege, my lady, I know is pure *Woollestonecraftism*; but, pray, who fights for you? Who supports you? Who loves and cherishes you?" looking tenderly at Harriet as he pronounced these words with particular emphasis. "To be serious, your ideas and mine differ on these points; women must be subservient to men; without submission to our sovereignty, I would not give an Opera ticket for your attractions; the moment you struggle for conquest, the moment you fight for independence, I have done with you. I will allow you beauty, sensibility, generosity, and all the feminine virtues," repeated he, most readily; but—"again fixing his eyes on our heroine, "they must yield to our more godlike endowments, wisdom, strength, and courage. The sexes must not be confounded on either side; it is unnatural. Women, to be sure, have in earlier times done wonderful things; one fired a city; another saved a town; but——." He then began to spout, "Man, lovely man, you had been brutes without us; there's in us all that you believe of heaven, amazing constancy!!!" Here Lady Carruthers' anger was converted to merriment; she stopped him by bursting out at "*amazing constancy*," into an immoderate fit of laughter; in which Petersham could not refrain from joining, and in which Harriet took a very lively part. "No perversion of the text, Mr. Petersham," said her ladyship, as soon as she had recovered; "there is an error in your quotation; for *man*, read *woman*. And so, Sir," continued she, unwilling to submit, or at least determined to have the last word, "you would insinuate that we should make tolerable good upper *servants*, by our attention to your domestic concerns." Exactly so," retorted he, "Incomparably useful 'to measure flax, and chronicle small beer.'" "Pshaw," interrupted her Ladyship, "don't be always a boy, Petersham. Unhappy

wretches indeed you would all be without us." "Without some of you, I confess," said Petersham, who again caught Harriet's eyes in the tell-tale glass. "And pray, Sir," her Ladyship had turned over the Universal History, "what were your Cleopatras, your Bonducas, your Boadiceas, your Portias, and your Lucretias?" "Oh, my dear Madam, they have been forgotten long since." "What your Arrias, your Helens, your Amazons, by heavens?" "Hush! my lady, do not swear, leave that to me. By all the gods, heathen I mean, I would not marry a Boadicea, or any Amazon among them, to gain an empire; but to return once more to the subject,—I say, my Lady, your project will not do. Look at Lord Glum at table with his wife, exposing themselves to ridicule, she *Bonducking* it over him. 'Dear my Lord, you are such a brute.' 'If I am, my Lady, you made me so.' 'You are so awkward; none of your horrid jokes here, my Lord.' 'My Lord Duke, my helpmate is a great ninny. Sir Jasper, you have not any thing on your plate. And what was the reason of Sir Harry Passant's intrigue with his lady's chambermaid? What was———but go on your own way." "I will," cried Lady Carruthers, warmly, quite piqued at losing ground. "I say, men were born to be our slaves; you *shan't* convince me to the contrary." "Pho! will you go to Hanover Rooms to night? I have tickets." Would you but honour me, my dear Lady Carruthers, with your company to night," throwing himself upon one knee in a tragedy attitude, and looking at the same time tenderly at Harriet, "then indeed I—I might almost become a convert to your opinion, and——" At this moment, Lady Caustic's name being announced, he jumped up, though not till he had gained Lady Carruthers' consent to the rooms; he snatched up his hat, declaring he could never stand Lady Caustic's *blue devilism*, cast an expressive glance at Harriet, and rushed out of the room.

(To be continued.)

REFLEXIONS ON LIFE AND MANNERS.**BY COUNT OXENSTIERN.**

ON INDEPENDENCE.

It is a common saying, "Happy is he who is dependent on nobody!" but where is he to be found?—Such is the lot of humanity, that, from the sceptre to the sheep-hook, there is no condition independent: the grandeur of the sovereign depends on the obedience of his subjects; and their good or bad conditions depend on the capacity or imbecility of the Prince. I remember having read on this subject, that the jester of Philip II. of Spain, said to him one day, "What would become of you, Philip, if all your subjects were to take it into their heads, to say no, every time that you say yes?"—a reflexion full of wisdom, and worthy of a better origin. So the great are dependent on the little, and the little on the great; the servant on the master, and the master on the servant; the wife on the husband, and the husband often on the wife; the miser on his money, and the proud man on his folly; the luxurious upon vice, and the happiness of the world on imagination; expence is dependent on revenue, and revenue on the labour of the subject; navigation on favourable winds; war upon fortune; true repose on a good conscience, and a good conscience on an irreproachable life. The elements themselves are not out of a state of dependance, and cannot exist without the mutual aid of each other. The animals depend on the earth, from which they derive their subsistence; and the earth depends on good seasons; without which it cannot produce its proper fruits: the rain depends on the clouds, and the clouds depend on vapours from the earth; and all of them depend on the divine direction. God only being entirely independent: it is He

who has created all things, with a mutual dependance on each other, to the end that we might acknowledge our imperfection, and that nothing is perfect but the Supreme Being, who only is deserving of our homage and adoration.

ON THE MEANS OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

In youth we only employ ourselves in the discovery of new pleasures, and in old age our only employment is to inform ourselves of what may allay pain, and preserve the little of our health that remains. It is with a view to spare these useless cares, that I shall impart some of these remarks, the observation of which will infallibly lead to an old age less infirm than my own. The first rule is, to avoid places where the air is thick, moist, or troubled; and where strong winds prevail; to keep the head, feet, and stomach warm, and avoid, as much as possible, the night air, which is more dangerous to health than any other.

The second consists in eating only when we are hungry, and drinking only when we are thirsty, and never to be guilty of any excess, in either the one or the other; to abstain from too great a variety of food at one meal; and always to rise from table with an appetite: not to eat at night, or, at least, to make but a light supper; to fast once in ten days, to afford nature a little rest; and never to drink between meals, or after midnight.

The third consists in going early to bed, and rising early in the morning; for seven hours' sleep is sufficient for any man; more sleep is prejudicial to health. Never to sleep after dinner; but, if we cannot avoid it, let it be in an arm chair, and not for more than half an hour. Never to exercise the mind or the body immediately after taking food; for then it is as unwholesome as it is at other times healthful; and although exercise, according to Hippo-

crates, is the surest method to preserve health; yet it must never be carried so far as entirely to fatigue us.

The fourth is, to use pleasures with such moderation as may prevent exhaustion; to taste them only, without giving ourselves up to a satiety carried to excess; in a word, to enjoy them, by not suffering ourselves to be subdued by them.

The fifth is, not to suffer ourselves to be too much cast down by vexation; for the close connexion between the soul and the body is the cause, that the one cannot suffer without disturbing the economy of the other.

If people were duly to observe these rules, we should see fewer people sick before the expiration of their term of life; but, unfortunately, men are so formed, that they do not know the value of health until they have lost it, and seldom think of consulting the disciples of Esculapius, until their excesses have made irreparable breaches in their constitutions. It is then they discover that, *Chi ha sanita, é ricco é non lo sa*. He who has health is rich, and does not know it.

ON TEARS.

Tears are the musicians of sadness and despair; they are a mournful echo of the lamentations of the afflicted, and a bitter pastime for those who are compelled to shed them. I find they are of five different kinds. The first are those of grief, the second of joy, the third of rage, the fourth of love, and the fifth those of penitence.

As for the first, they are proper, and even becoming, when shed at a proper time, and in moderation, for the death of some relation, or friend; but when it is on any other account, as for the loss of fortune, or any similar misfortune, caused by some such motive, it is, in my opinion, so much water ill employed.

Those which we sometimes see shed by persons, who, after long a absence, enjoy the pleasure of meeting again, are certain signs of an affection as tender as it is sincere, and may be considered as sacrifices which sadness offers to joy, with which these first moments of true friends are filled.

The third sort are envenomed drops, produced by rage, and shew the excess of an anger which is unable to revenge itself as it would wish.

The fourth, the most foolish and silly of any, are those of lovers; for, if I mistake not, love has but little compassion, and never feels itself inclined to relieve the affliction of others, unless it finds its interest in it, by partaking of the pleasure. Surely, a weeping lover is a most insipid character.

The fifth are those of penitence: these are real pearls, which will one day shine in the crown of glory, which the mercy of God destines for the elect; and therefore, "He who sows in tears shall reap in joy."

OF INTEREST.

INTEREST is the point to which most men's actions tend; it is from this motive that both the great and the little act: the whole universe seeks it, and without it no one will move. It has now come to such a pitch, that it holds the place of reason with most people; for every action that does not keep it in view, passes for folly; yet, for all this, the character of an interested man is an infamous quality, which points out to us an infinity of vices in the person who bears it.

Interest seems to me like a powder, which is thrown into the eyes of men, that they may neither perceive jus-

tice, duty, honour, nor friendship. It is interest which stifles the feelings of nature among relations; which sets man and wife at variance; which sows hatred among brethren, and extinguishes friendship among friends. It serves as an excuse to the great for committing the most unjust actions, and to the vulgar, for breaking the ties of obedience and fidelity to their sovereign. It makes the courtier a slave, and the soldier rash; the churchman a hypocrite, and the merchant a cheat. It is almost the master of all the other passions, and often subdues them, and leads them in triumph. It assumes the name of prudence, in order to appear in public; although, in secret, it is guilty of a thousand meannesses to contain itself. In fine, an interested character, considered abstractedly, is truly disgusting; though we meet with it every day, and in almost every transaction; but of all the different species, that of a man of genius and letters prostituting these noble qualities for pelf, fills us with more distaste than any other.

Fragments of Literature,

NO. IV.

FANSHAWE'S FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

IN the dedication prefixed to Fanshawe's translation of the Pastor Fido, edition 1648, to Charles I. then Prince of Wales, there is the following passage, which is not unworthy of illustration:—

“Your Highness may have seen at Paris a picture (it is in the Cabinet of the *great Chancellor* there) so admirably designed, that, presenting to the common beholder a multitude of little faces (the famous ancestors of that nobleman); at the same time, to him that looks through a perspective (kept there for that purpose), there

appears only a single portrait in great of that Chancellor himself: the painter thereby intimating, that in him alone are concentrated the virtues of all his progenitors; or, perchance, by a more subtle philosophy, demonstrating, how the *Body Politick* is composed of many natural ones; and how each of these, entire in itself, and consisting of the head, eyes, hands, and the like, is a head, an eye, or a hand, in the other; as also, that men's privates cannot be preserved, if the public be destroyed, no more than those little pictures could remain in being, if the great one were defaced; which great one likewise was first and chiefest in the painter's design, and that for which all the rest were made."

HONOUR OF PRINCES.

Francis the First, King of France, used to say, that, if truth were banished from the earth, it should inhabit the breast of princes. Alfonso, of Arragon, also observed, that the word of a King ought to be as sacred as the oath of a subject. And Charles V. with his wonted magnanimity, replied to those who advised him to violate the safe conduct that he had given to Luther, in order to assist at the Diet at Worms, that if it were judged expedient that good faith should be driven from the world, the palace of a monarch should present it an asylum.

ALVAREZ DE LUNA.

In the fifteenth century, Judicial Astrology was very much studied, particularly in Spain. It is said, that Alvarez de Luna, the haughty, rapacious, and, in the end, unfortunate minister of Don Juan II. being desirous, when in the zenith of his power, of learning from an astrologer what would be his future destiny, he was told that he would die at *Cadahalso*. This was the name of one of his

estates, and the word in Spanish signifies a scaffold. This statesman, among other crimes, was accused of receiving money from the Moors, in order to prevent the capture of Granada, and was condemned to be beheaded,—a casualty that verified the prediction of the astrologer.

ANECDOTE OF PETER THE GREAT.

POLBAJAROFF, one of his *valets de chambre*, being jealous of his wife, and suspecting her of carrying on some intrigues, resolved to revenge himself upon her. He pretended, one day, in presence of the emperor, to pity her very much, complaining that she was dreadfully afflicted with the tooth-ache. The Czar, who liked nothing better than an opportunity of displaying his skill, said to him, "Come along, lead me to your wife, I will soon cure her: I will pull out her tooth for her. As soon as the Czar was conducted to her, he made her open her mouth, and asked her which tooth gave her pain; "None," answered she.—"Sire," replied Polbajaroff, "that is her way; as soon as any one attempts to relieve her, by pulling out her tooth, she declares she feels no pain. Look, Sire; there is the bad tooth." The Czar desired him to hold his wife's head, took out his pincers, and, having forcibly opened her mouth, fitted the instrument on the tooth, and drew it out. Some days afterwards, the Czar was informed that the young woman had not had the tooth-ache; and that the tooth he had extracted was perfectly sound; and, learning that it was a trick of her husband's, punished him with a severe beating.

**CHARLES EDMUNDS;
OR, THE FREETHINKER;**

A NOVEL,

BY R. PORTER.

Concluded from page 91.

CHAP. VII.

IN order to fulfil his dreadful purpose, Charles left town that morning; and as the secrecy of his plan depended partly upon the velocity of his movements, he arrived at a village within half a mile of the Hall, at seven o'clock in the evening. Fastening his horse to a tree, he walked to the house where he had first drawn his breath, and passed his hours of infancy, in company with his brother,—that brother, whose life he now resolved to destroy. He trembled as he walked; and, as he passed the grove, the ravens croaked over his head; a dismal prologue to the intended tragedy. Awhile he hesitated, and almost repented of his purpose; but this generous impulse was momentary; and, drawing a pistol from his pocket, he proceeded to the house. All was silent as the grave, save the foreboding murmurs of the trees, that were shaken by the wind. Charles approached the window; a light shone from the inside; he looked in. Before the fire were seated, in domestic happiness, William and his amiable consort; they seemed in cheerful conversation; and the murderer, lost as he was, paused awhile, to gaze upon scenes which brought to his recollection the time when, like them, he could enjoy such innocent pleasures. From these thoughts he was aroused by his bro-

ther rising from his chair, and walking towards the window. He seized the opportunity, and, with a trembling hand, levelled the pistol, and discharged it. On seeing his brother fall, Charles immediately fled; thinking, in the hurry and consternation that prevailed, that no one would pursue the murderer, until he was far beyond their reach.

When he had nearly gained the tree to which he had tied his horse, a bough, extended across the road, threw him down, and the pistol, which he yet held in his hand, flew from his grasp; the darkness of the night precluded all hope of finding it, and the greatest anxiety took possession of his mind; for upon the barrel were engraved the initials C. E.; and, as his father had presented him with the pistols, it would be known to several of the domestics of the family, should they happen to find it. After a short, but fruitless search, Charles mounted his horse, and, undetermined what course to pursue, rode off full speed. For the first half hour he was buried in thought; and when he at length looked up, he found himself travelling he knew not where; not one object could he recollect, which might enable him to recognize the road on which he was riding, and he soon discovered that he was not in the way to London; to turn back was pregnant with danger, and he determined to pursue the road on which he now journeyed, whatever might be the issue. In this state of perplexity, he travelled all night; and at noon the next day, instead of finding himself near the metropolis, he was following a very different track. As he proceeded, every object became familiar to him; and at length, as he entered a village, how great was his surprise to find it the spot near to which he had been wrecked, where he met with Mr. Lester, and where he attempted to seduce the too credulous Emily. "Here, at least for a few hours, I shall be safe," said he to himself; and, riding to the inn, gave orders for his dinner.

Those who have read the first part of this history will not be surprised that the landlord of the inn recognized his guest, and accosted him by his name. Eager to hear if Emily had returned, after dinner, Charles desired to speak with the landlord, having, for a moment, drowned his cares in wine. Ridley, the innkeeper, entered, and, seating himself, the following conversation took place. "Well, Ridley, and does Mr. Lester reside here yet?" said Charles, by way of beginning the subject. "Oh yes, your honour; we have had sad doings here since Miss Emily came back." "What! is she returned then?" "Returned, Sir! Oh yes; I hope your honour had no hand in her elopement; but you shall hear;—when the old lady was told that her daughter was gone, in a transport of grief, she broke a blood-vessel, and died in a few hours; and, would you believe it, Sir? just as the corpse was leaving the door, (the very recollection of it makes me weep), just as Madam's coffin left the house, I say, Miss Emily returned; the poor girl fainted at the sight in the garden, and I was one who assisted to take her into the house. Ever since that time, she had been in a lingering way; and, according to report, she died of a broken heart." "Died!" exclaimed Charles; "what! is Emily dead?" "She expired a few days since, your honour; and this evening she is to be buried."

Had a thunderbolt struck him to the earth, it could not have more astounded him than did this intelligence. For the first time, he felt the pangs of conscience, and sharply did they operate. He desired Ridley to leave the room, and, contemplating awhile his situation, he was inclined to believe in an over-ruling Providence. He now became sensible that he had spent his life in wickedness, in proceeding from one vice to another, and had finished his career by murder. Awakened to a sense of his misdeeds, he was conducted, as if by supernatural agency, to behold the remains of the unhappy Emily; then it was that he

felt the time of retribution was near. "Fool, fool that I am!" he exclaimed, "why did I not alter my conduct, as I promised to do when in danger of perishing by shipwreck? Alas! had I listened to the counsels of Mr. Lester, as I then determined to do, I had been innocent and happy; I might have contributed to her felicity, and daily heard the prayers of that much-injured man offered up to Heaven for my welfare. But now, sad reverse! I am the spectator of a whole family, once happy and contented, being reduced to misery and death by my infernal machinations." At this moment the funeral bell began to toll. On the heart of Charles it sounded as a death-warrant. With his head resting upon his hands, and his elbows placed upon the frame of the window, he watched the ceremony in the church-yard, of which he had a distinct view. At length, the mournful procession appeared. Charles saw it enter the church; then, taking his hat, he left the house, and bent his steps to the hallowed spot. Scarcely able to support himself, he reached the sacred building, but hesitated at the door. Could he, a murderer and a fratricide, enter the courts of that God, whom, all his life-time, he had openly despised? At length, he passed the threshold, unseen by any one; and, leaning against a pillar, where he had a full view of the pulpit, he beheld, in the officiating minister, the greatly wronged Mr. Lester; who, in faltering accents, was praying over the body of his daughter. A number of young females were seated round the coffin, and after the service, Mr. Lester thus addressed them in a short oration.

"My dear friends, before I consign this body to the earth, let me give you a few moments' instruction.

"You see before you the hapless victim of misgoverned passion. Her story is well known to you all. Now, I entreat you, whilst hovering round the last remains of your friend, to take warning by her fate. Two years since, she was, like yourselves, gay and happy, unac-

quainted with grief, the pride of her parents, and the comfort of their declining years. But, in an evil hour, she listened to the solicitations of a monster, who, in return for numberless kindnesses, robbed us of our peace. Guilty as she was, and beset with difficulties, the repenting girl preserved her honour inviolate, and returned to her home; would I could say to her parents. But, oh! how great was her punishment! her mother, ere she pressed her to her bosom, breathed her last.—Look on her coffin;—you will see, she was only eighteen when removed from a world she might have otherwise adorned.

“ My children, take warning from her fate; you are now possessed of innocence, but recollect, you may meet with another Edmunds, to lead you into guilt and despair. From the sufferings of this unhappy girl, beware of forming clandestine attachments. In a matter so connected with your happiness, conceal nothing from the knowledge of your parents, and the blessings of Heaven will attend and prosper you.”

Judge, reader, what Charles must have felt on hearing this address. Mr. Lester had frequently been interrupted by his tears: he now descended from the pulpit, and proceeded to the grave; sobs and groans of pity and sorrow burst from every one; and as the whole party passed the place where Charles stood, he was surveyed by them with a look of anxiety. Mr. Lester alone knew him: he was surprized, but he restrained his emotion, and proceeded with his duty. The body of the heart-broken Emily was lowered into the tomb; the sexton prepared to throw the earth upon it, when Charles, rushing through the crowd, approached the grave. Awed by the frenzy of his demeanour, the affrighted sexton dropped his spade; every countenance was fixed upon him, every heart throbbed with expectation. His eyes were bent upon the coffin, his hands were clasped, and, with a hollow groan, he contemplated the scene before him. “ Oh, Emily!” at length

he exclaimed, "to what have I reduced thee, poor, unfortunate girl!" Despair was stamped upon his figure, and, drawing a pistol from his pocket, he continued, "I will not survive thee, Emily; this shall be at once my punishment and relief." His design was perceived by those that were near him, and when he lifted the pistol to his head, he found his arm restrained, and the weapon snatched from his hand. He was now frantic with rage, and, leaping into the grave, swore no one should remove him, but commanded them instantly to bury him alive with his unfortunate Emily. At length, he was lifted by force from his situation, and carried from the place; but scarcely had he reached the inn, when a party of his brother's servants, sent in quest of the murderer, took him into custody; when he found that every hope of escape was cut off, and the punishment of his crimes appeared inevitable.

It may here be proper to remark, that, when the first horror and surprise had partly subsided, Mrs. Edmunds (preserving, amid the dreadful scene, her presence of mind) dismissed parties of the domestics, in every direction, to discover the murderer. In a crevice, by the side of the road, by the light of the torches, the pistol which Charles had lost, was found, and it was instantly conveyed to Mrs. Edmunds. But what can picture her emotion and surprise, when she found it was the brother of her husband who had perpetrated the horrid deed! Of this fact, the pistol was almost undoubted evidence. The pursuers then proceeded upon different roads, and, in the end, obtained certain intelligence of the course which Charles had travelled: the result has been related.

To conclude this eventful tale, the reader is to learn, that the misguided Charles Edmunds was found guilty in a court of justice, and condemned to suffer death. Conveyed back to prison, he was left to his meditations and reflections, to all the stings of his guilty conscience. But

a few hours had he to recollect himself, before his sentence was to be carried into execution; but a few short hours, before he was to be plunged into eternity. A clergyman attended him, and endeavoured, with pious zeal, to persuade him to kneel for mercy, with him, at the throne of Heaven. But despair had completely taken possession of his mind. "I have been the worst of sinners," said he; "I cannot hope for mercy. Leave me, old man; stain not thy guiltless conscience by conversation with a wretch like me." In this dreadful situation he continued one whole day; but having, during the night, procured a little sleep, in the morning, he was more composed.

A few hours before the time of his execution, the jailer announced that a gentleman wished to speak with him. Charles desired him to approach; but what was his astonishment, to behold his once intimate friend, Edward Melville, enter the room! Grief was pictured on his brow, and in anguish he shook the hand of his friend, whilst the tears rolled down his face. Charles first broke silence. "Oh, Melville!" said he, "when last we parted——" but the fullness of his heart stopped his utterance. "Loaded as I am, with disgrace and infamy, a fratricide, a villain," he continued, "does Edward recollect his companion! Does he, regardless of the censure of the world, still consider the lost, distracted Charles, as his friend?" "The partner, once," said Melville, "of your pleasures and misfortunes, past scenes of transport rush upon my memory; and, remembering them, shall I not endeavour to console my friend in his present extremity? Oh, Charles! to what a situation has your impious contempt of religion reduced you! I have long since rejected the foolish and shocking opinions that I once entertained, from a conviction, that they could lead to nothing but misery and disgrace. I come not, however, to chide, but to prepare your mind for the fatal moment that ap-

proaches." The tender and pathetic discourse of these bosom friends, it is useless to detail; the appointed time at length arrived, when the unhappy Charles Edmunds was conveyed to the place of execution, in order to expiate his crime. The spectators were numerous, but the utmost silence and decency prevailed. As he mounted the scaffold, he took a sad and last farewell of his friend, and, in a few moments, the executioner performing his office, launched him into eternity, and exposed him to the sight of thousands,—an example of the danger of yielding to the dictates of misguided passion, and impious perverseness.

Reader, if this tale may have attracted your attention, let it impress this truth upon your mind, that a due sense of religion is the only safe-guard against temptation, the best preservative against vice, and the surest ground-work of felicity, both in this world, and that which is to come.

HUMAN LIFE.

Human life resembles a galley, in which man, like a true slave, rows on a sea of miseries, agitated by the waves of a disturbed imagination, over the rocks of innumerable accidents and misfortunes. Providence, for wise and inscrutable purposes, enables him to avoid some perils; but often leaves the vessel to be steered by Folly and Imprudence, who precipitate him on others; and he is, in common phrase, "unfortunately wrecked."

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REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

AN ANALYSIS OF COUNTRY DANCING, wherein all the *Figures used in that polite Amusement are rendered familiar by engraved Lines; containing, also, Directions for composing almost any Number of Figures to one Tune, with some entire new Reels; together with the complete Etiquette of the Ball-Room.* By T. WILSON, Dancing-Master, from the *King's Theatre, Opera-House, &c. &c.* London, Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, 1810. pp. 192.

THE object of the author, in this publication, is to reduce the accomplishment of Dancing to fixed rules and principles; or, in other words, to enable persons, by the means of engravings, to acquire a knowledge of this fashionable art. To impress his readers with the antiquity and utility of this pleasing diversion, we are told, that "the wisest, the best educated, and the most virtuous, in all ages and in all countries, have countenanced and practised it. At the birth of the arts in Greece, it was a part of the adoration offered to the gods; and it is not only on the classic ground of Greece and Rome, that we find the imprint of the early light fantastic toe; we find it in the walls of Siberia, in the gloomy woods of Scandinavia, as well as in the diamond-decked soil of Golconda: the Huns, the Vandals, the Ostrogoths, and Picts, as well as all the polite inhabitants of cloudless Italy, felt its charms, and encouraged its practice. In our days, on those shores, which the abilities and perseverance of a Cooke have made known to Europe, even there we find the song and the dance accompanying them to festivals, to triumphs, to war, and to death."

Concurring in opinion with the author, as to the delights of dancing in society, whether civilized or rude, we pro-

ceed to the contemplation of a point of considerable interest,—namely, English dancing. Country Dances, it is observed, are generally supposed to be of British origin; and though Italy and France may excel us in Fancy Dancing, there is scarcely a sight more fascinating than a company of persons, of both sexes, with health and satisfaction smiling in their faces, engaged in the pleasing evolutions of a Country Dance.

The limits of our miscellany will not permit us to copy the various graphical delineations adopted by Mr. Wilson, to facilitate the attainment of Country Dancing, much less can we transcribe the tables for composing them; but, as far as our conception of the subject accords with his design, we do not hesitate to say, that, while they convey to the learner very considerable information relative to the art, the skilful dancer, or musician, may, by their aid alone, make figures, embracing much novelty and variety, to the tune of any country dance whatever.

The observations on “the Deportment of persons in Country Dancing,” appear judicious, and worthy of attention. The ill habits too frequently contracted, which militate against the Graces, are thus described:

“Too much shuffling, or rattling of the feet. Looking at the feet. Bending the arm at the elbow, in swinging corners, hands across, &c. Holding the hands of any person too fast. Bending the body forward, and attempting more than they can perform.”

To these errors, those traits and attitudes which are considered beauties succeed; the principal of which is, ease in carriage and execution.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1813.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. Green.

THE needle and the scissars now become inactive on the board; in vain the Mercer displays his Tyrian dyes, or the Dress-maker arranges all the gracefulness of of Drapery; Fashion reclines her head, or leaves our sun-burnt pavement for the more salubrious gales of Brighton. We must therefore *curtail* our remarks on novelty, until the migratory swarms of Fashion shall once more blaze in metropolitan fancy.

Morning Dress.—A spencer of bright yellow satin, open at the neck, with turbanned hat of the same materials; white feather, tipped with yellow; white gloves, and half boots.

Evening Dress of white muslin, made rather low in the neck, and showing much of the arm; white gloves and shoes. The shawl, of India or English-manufacture, is much used by our *élégantes*; lace veils and scarfs are also predominant.

The hair is dressed much as usual; many of our young fashionables still sport the love-lock on the shoulder; but the hair, if curling without the aid of much art, is generally preferred in a state of nature.



LONDON DRESSES for SEPTEMBER.

Published by J.W. Ellis & Co. 2133.



THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

" JUDGE NOT, LEST YE BE JUDGED."

" Oh, Charity! thou art as a sun in the hemisphere of Christianity, that gives life and lustre to all the lesser gems of her sky! with thee, Religion is indeed lovely; without thee, she is but a gloomy shadow, and the heavens will not behold her."

THERE are who love to wield the critic pen,
And lash the foibles of their fellow men;
Discerning these, yet ever strangely prone
To quite forget, or overlook, their own.
With busy glance, sarcastically hurl'd,
They judge at once their neighbours and the world,
Too much on others spend their time and speech;
And hence too little practise what they preach.

If honest truth presided o'er their tongue,
And *knowledge* prompted what their satires sung,—
If only blaming what they understood,
They scourg'd the evil, nor mistook the good,—
Still let them frown indignant at the age,
And fling the pointed shafts of scorn and rage;
Laugh as they like, and sneer, and censure too;
No harm is done, if what they write is true.

But this were servile, so at least 'twould seem,
For such as these who credit all they *dream*,
And never stop, or never linger long,
To doubt their fancies, or believe them wrong.
Regardless still that different natures live,
And different feelings different habits give,
Their narrow scale suffices to condemn
Things far and near; no matter which to them;

For distance never makes the object less,
And if they cannot measure, why they guess :
Their busy envy, or their jealous spleen,
Interprets all they've heard, and all they've seen.
Presuming thus beyond whate'er they know,
With random aim they dart the random blow ;
Subvert our actions to their selfish views,
And coin and conjure errors as they choose ;
Mingling the while the hypocritic rant
Of meekness, charity, and fulsome cant !
But what they most profess, they most neglect ;
They slight the *cause*, and yet they judge th' *effect*,
And oft'ner still, alike devoid of heed,
Determine both the motive and the deed.

Poor Sylvio, gifted from his humble birth
With genuine talents, and as genuine worth,
A glowing heart that throb'd to ev'ry tie
Of social bliss, and fondest sympathy,
And could have lov'd, as tender and as true
As ever yet enamour'd poet drew,
Steals sick'ning from the world ;—yet many there
Had greeted Sylvio with officious care ;
Nor smiles were wanting, if he joy'd in these ;
Nor cordial shake, if proffer'd hand could please ;
But heav'n had dignified his tow'ring soul
With conscious grandeur that abhorr'd controul,
And spurn'd at once, with pity and disdain,
The grov'ling wretch that stoops to wear a chain ;—
That stoops him down his little views to screen,
And says the fawning things he does not mean !
As circling years alternate roll'd away,
And sober reason lent a brighter ray,
Delusive fancy fled ;—too soon he found,
That warm professions were an idle sound ;
That sordid int'rest prompted ev'ry smile,
Or *empty nothing*, or deceitful guile ;
That flatt'ring words conceal'd a traitor oft,
And friends could slander, tho' the tongue were soft.
For those he priz'd above the vulgar crowd
Were smooth in manners as in welcomes loud ;

A transient gaze had stamp'd them in his mind,
First of their race, the patterns of mankind !
But ever and anon with grief he saw
Some luckless failing, some unguarded flaw,
That spoke with stubborn truth, and would not hide
How much their outward sanctity had lied ;
Some glaring inconsistency that told
The glitt'ring vessel was not made of gold ;
A *winter* cloud obscur'd the *summer* sun ;
The charm was vanish'd, and the dream was done !
Unhappy Sylvio ! had thy bosom known
Some kindred spirit, gen'rous as thy own,
How had the world beheld thee with delight,
That very world that mocks thee in thy flight ;
Perhaps thy dwelling were a lowly cot ;
But ah ! what virtues had adorn'd the spot !
Yet Sylvio passes, just as terms may suit,
A haughty fool, a savage, or a brute.

Is there a Bard who tells in pensive song
Of cheated hopes and undeserved wrong,
And mourns the folly, turpitude, and shame,
Supplanting virtue and each nobler aim ?
Some gen'rous critic, with opprobrious sneer,
Shall kindly whisper in thy startled ear,
Shall whisper there, unknowing and unknown,
That ev'ry pictur'd weakness is thy own ;
And ev'ry fault thy tuneful verse pourtrays,
And ev'ry vice that blushes in thy lays !

Lysander's costume is pronounc'd too gay,
He tends the concert, and frequents the play ;
And twice a week, perhaps, devotes his time
To cards, or dancing,—oh, flagitious crime !
Some pious folks, affecting all *due* horror,
In gospel love and sanctimonious sorrow,
Expel Lysander from their holy keep—
The wicked wolf might harm the gentle sheep !
“ Thou worthless dog !” cries Ferox, gruff and grim,
“ To match thy heathen music with a hymn !”

" One truth is clear," old Phariseus swears,
" The thoughtless monster never says his pray'rs ;
" How fervent mine at morning, night, and dinner,—
" Thank God ! I am not like this wretch—a sinner !"

Leonthus meddles with Mercutio's creed ;
They quarrel both, for both are staunch indeed ;
These humble Christians are so very civil,
They only send each other—to the devil.

Where long subscriptions blaze in *printed pride*,
Bernardo's *name* was never yet descried ;
And some, who ne'er have watch'd him, can suggest
That he is loth to succour the distress ;—
'Tis said Bernardo keeps his purse secure,
And never gave one farthing to the poor !

Constantia's form in modest garb was clad ;
But then, alas ! the colour was not drab ;
With sullen frown a saintly matron cries,
" How art thou wed to earthly vanities !"

In conscious virtue, Leonora mov'd,
Nor dreamt of guilt ; yet was not unprov'd :—
A prying damsel, ever on the search,
At home, abroad, at table, or at church,
To ken the little errors of another,
And trap the daughter, or ensnare the mother,
Beheld this pretty neighbour with an eye
Keen as a vulture's, vigilant, and sly.
Poor Leonora ! false was ev'ry grace
That deck'd her figure, or adorn'd her face ;
Her curling ringlets, and her roseate bloom,
Were only art usurping nature's room ;
In ev'ry smile was levity detected,
And ev'ry blush was wanton, or affected !
So Slander said ; and be thou white as snow,
Her sting shall poison, and her breath shall blow.

Lucilla, vers'd in all Lavater's folly,
On traits of wisdom, mirth, and melancholy,
And lines of feature that shall mark at once
The good, the bad, the witty, and the dunce,

Pretends like him discriminating pow'r,
And one broad gaze torments you for an hour ;
And as your forehead bends, or nostrils sever,
Or mouth and eyebrows grow, you're dubb'd for ever.

Alas ! what happy medium can we choose
That none may stigmatize, and none abuse ?
At superficial glance, we rise or fall,
Externals fix the varying scale with all ;
For critics now in ev'ry circle talk,
In ev'ry private as in public walk,
With pompous air disperse their floods of ink,
And take for granted what they only *think* ;
And not content to censure what we do,
They brand with infamy the motive too ;
That innocence herself need go to school,
And learn to measure all her steps by rule,
And meek Religion, like a modern lass,
Practise her gestures at the looking glass.

But who art thou that fain wouldst seem to scan
The inmost thoughts and purposes of man ?
What tho' by partial choice I oft dissent
From usual mode, or usual sentiment ;
What tho' my conduct fit not to the test
Thy shallow reason haply terms the best ;
What tho' by nature unressembling thee,
Our habits, views, and feelings disagree ;
What tho' I live as inclinations draw,
Commit no crime, and break no human law ;
Shall mortal eye unhallow'd thus intrude
Where dwells my soul in secret solitude ;
And charge with guilt the motive and the deed,
The hidden purpose thou canst never read ?
Presumptuous fool ! at least the *motive* spare,
'Tis sacred ground ;—be charitable there :
Judge as thou wilt the dictates of my head,
Whate'er I've acted, or whate'er I've said ;
This shall be borne, and this shall be forgiv'n—
But leave the judgement of my *heart* to Heav'n !

July, 1813.

OSCAR.

LINES,

Supposed to be written by a French Emigrant.

I'LL court thee, Remembrance! tho' sad is the theme,
Of years flitted by on the wings of delight,
Which mem'ry recalls, as the tale of a dream,
That fled with the morn, as the vision of night.
Tho' deep is the sigh which this sad bosom heaves,
And silent the tears, which are chill'd as they flow;
Tho' keen are the pangs which their happiness leaves,
The exile unknown, the poor wand'rer of woe.

Yes, remembrance can paint, when a country and home
Smil'd peaceful around this poor care-woven heart;
When hope gaily fancied soft pleasures to come,
And life's busy hours each bliss to impart;
When with affluence bless'd, the keen pang I could heal
Of Poverty's child, and each solace bestow;
When this bosom could throb, and with sympathy feel
For the exile unknown, the poor wand'rer of woe;—

When love warm'd this breast with its feelings divine,
And my heart's fondest wish met a kinder return;
When each rapture of youth, each endearment was mine,
That for ever are fled, and sighs wreath their sad urn.
The balm of soft friendship, these sorrows to heal,
Alas! are denied me; a stranger, I go;
But still can I love that soft breast that can feel
For the exile unknown, the poor wand'rer of woe.

Now vacant's the air, which I clasp for thy form,
My Eliza ador'd, as when love fill'd these arms,
Till torn from each bliss by adversity's storm,
And despair strikes more deep, as I pause on thy charms.
Now, sad is the fate which awaits on my doom,
And low'ring the track of life's journey below;
Nor does hope point out rest, till beyond the cold tomb,
For the exile unknown, the poor wand'rer of woe.

Oft slumb'ring in fancy, I rove through each scene
That once sweeten'd life with its purest delight ;
The delusion awhile paints its moments serene,
And pleasures fled by once more glide on my sight ;
I wander again through each woodland retreat,
And climb the rough mountain, or valley below ;
Affliction's rude throb awhile ceases to beat
For the exile unknown, the poor wand'rer of woe.

I rove through the hamlet at evening's soft hour,
When toil is suspended, and peace from above
Seems borne with each breeze, and the dew-mantled flow'r
Lends fragrance and joy to the season of love ;
I tread the rude dance, as th' enlivening reed
Spreads pastime and mirth on each villager's brow ;
But remembrance again bids each sad sorrow bleed
For the exile unknown, the poor wand'rer of woe.

Ah ! full deep is the pang which regret leaves behind,
As I view the poor labourer sink careless to rest ;
A wife's tender smiles he at evening shall find,
And, with raptures unknown, press his babes to his breast.
I view the soft pleasure that springs from fond love ;
His cot can each bliss, each endearment bestow ;
Whilst mine is the fate, the keen fortune to prove,
The exile unknown, the poor wand'rer of woe.

By cold poverty chill'd, in the summer of life,
How dreary the prospect that beams on life's close !
No offspring can charm me, no smiles of a wife
Can lull each sad sorrow to peace and repose.
Those strains I once courted for pastime and mirth,
With the pencil, alas ! a poor pittance bestow ;
And when fled from those scenes, will no tear dim the earth
Of the exile unknown, the poor wand'rer of woe.

SONNET.

DEPARTED hours ! as mem'ry fondly pores
Along thy page, with retrospective ken,
And wand'ring still, 'midst childhood's happy hours,
Far from the busy walk of prying men,

Can snatch thee from Oblivion's mouldering arms,
That fain would hide thee 'mid forgotten years ;
Still deck'd in innocence and childhood's charms,
Can love thy pleasures, unalloy'd by tears

Of later woe ; oh ! would this heaving breast
Could backward creep within thy arms again,
Forgetful of each care, or pang oppress,
That swells man's aching bosom ; but 'tis vain ;

He journeys on ;—yet, 'mid Hope's wither'd blight,
Life's earlier pleasures steal, more fair and bright.

May, 1813.

J. M. B.

TO OSCAR.

O THOU ! whose sweetly pensive lay
Has often sooth'd the languid day,
And calm'd my grief-devoted mind ;
That soothing verse, that mournful strain,
Sweet Minstrel, have not flow'd in vain,
Nor died upon the thankless wind.

Soft on my sad and pensive soul,
The kindred notes of sorrow stole,
Like balmy dew on fainting flower ;
Again I raise my drooping head,
Sweet melancholy tears I shed,
And bless the Minstrel's soothing power.

Far hence from these delightful groves,
Where free the 'rapt enthusiast roves,
Where every muse inspires the strain ;
'Tis mine, on a far distant shore,
To hear the tempest's ceaseless roar,
And woo the lovely nymphs in vain.

Where vernal breezes softly blow,
And murm'ring streams in concert flow,
'Tis thine the warbling lyre to wake ;
'Tis mine on Thule's stormy strand,
With bold, too bold adventurous hand,
The wild harp of the North to take.

Ah ! vain essay ! the strings demand
A bolder touch, a mightier hand,
To wake again its witch-notes wild ;
Yet not despairing still to hear,
Its magic music meet mine ear,
Touch'd by the hand of Ossian's child.

Fair son of genius, with a smile,
From distant Thule's sea-girt isle,
Deign to accept this votive lay ;
Though in rude style and phrase express'd,
Accept it, for it is the best
Thy humblest sister muse can pay.

ORA.

TO THE SUN.

THOU lovely orb, whose golden beam,
In floods of glory, shin'st supreme,—
Once I could view, with raptur'd glance,
The circling seasons round thee dance,
Could own the joy that nature felt,
And feel my soul in rapture melt,

But now, sad change ! I fly thy light,
And plunge amid the shades of night ;
Or, if thy soul-enliv'ning ray
Upon my heavy eyelids play,
'Tis only to increase the pain,
And burning fever in my brain.

But soon this scene of sorrow o'er,
My bursting heart shall feel no more ;
Soon shall thy lovely beams be shed
Upon my dark, cold, narrow bed,
And all that lives beneath thy light,
Be shut for ever from my sight.

ORA.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE return thanks to A. for her beautiful Fragment of Albert and Ellen ; and to Mr. Porter for his Moral Tale ; and shall feel pleasure in communicating to our readers similar productions.

Mr. F's note is come to hand. If he will favour us with a further portion of his Romance, it shall appear.

To our Poetical Friends, Oscar, J. M. B. and Ora, we are this month much indebted ; Oscar's instructive and excellent poem,—*Judge not, lest ye be judged*,—will be read with considerable interest.

In devoting so many pages to our *Appollonian Wreath*, we beg leave to intimate, that we shall be happy to derive occasional assistance in prose from Correspondents so highly qualified to improve as well as to amuse our numerous Subscribers.





L. Ellys pinx.

H. R. Cook sculp.

MISS FENTON,
afterwards
Duchess of Bolton.

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